IX. *A Letter from Mr.* James Simon *to the* Preſident, *concerning the Bones of a* Fœtus *voided* per Anum; *and of ſome* Foſſils *found in* Ireland.

Read Nov. 14. 1745.

A Curious and worthy Clergyman, of the County of *Armagh*, ſent me, ſome time ago, a Parcel of Bones, with the following Account of them; *viz.*

" *Roſe*, the Wife of *Mortaugh Mac Cornwall*, " of the Pariſh of *Tullyliſh*, Barony of *Clare*, in " the Year 1741, about the latter End of *May*, or " the Beginning of *June*, being in the 37th Year " of her Age, and Mother of ſeveral Children, con- " ceived, as uſual; but, in two or three Days after, " felt an exceſſive unnatural kind of Pain in the " *Matrix*, which continued, with frequent Faint- " ings, a depraved Appetite, and an exceeding great " Weakneſs, till her Child quickened; after which " ſhe proceeded reaſonably well in her Pregnancy to " the End of nine Months; and then, her Child " alive, and every thing right (as the Midwife " thought), ſhe fell in Labour, which laſted, with " proper Child bearing Pains, for twenty-four Hours, " but could not be delivered; and her Labour leav- " ing her, the Child was no more obſerved to ſtir. " In a Month after, her Labour return'd, and, with " many regular Throws, continued twenty-four " Hours more, but to no Purpoſe, ſave the diſ- " charging of ſome Quantities of black corrupted " Clods of Blood; of which kind alſo ſhe threw

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" up much by Vomit: Then her Labour left her
" intirely; and ſoon after ſhe felt the decaying of
" the Fleſh of her Infant, and the Diſcharge thereof
" both by the *Matrix* and *Anus*, with ſo putrid and
" deadly a Smell as was extremely nauſeous both to
" herſelf and others about her. —— Thus ſhe lived
" for upwards of twelve Months, and, at that Pe-
" riod her Pains increaſing to Exceſs, ſhe began the
" diſcharging of the Bones, which, to the Number
" of 80 and upwards, ſhe voided wholly by Siege;
" 14 the firſt Day, and 2, 3, or 4, at a time after-
" wards for the Space of twelve Months or more,
" with moſt intolerable Pains at the voiding of each
" Bone, eſpecially a broad Piece of the Scull: So
" that, from her Conception to the Day of her
" Death, which was the 4th of *April* laſt, makes up
" near four Years; during moſt of which Time,
" never was a more calamitous Creature: For three
" Years, ſcarce a Day without ſuffering moſt exqui-
" ſite Torture, being alſo attended with frequent
" Faintings, a continual Want of Appetite, and an
" almoſt perpetual Looſeneſs; inſomuch that it is
" miraculous how ſhe lived, not eating all that long
" Space ſo much as would have ſuſtain'd a ſucking
" Infant; even the very Liquids, at length, not lying
" a Moment in her Stomach; by which means ſhe
" became quite emaciated, and diſmal to look at,
" not being able to move from one Poſture to an-
" other, or to be moved, without fainting at every
" the leaſt Touch or Motion. The Truth of all
" which I atteſt to you, as I received it partly from
" the poor Woman herſelf, and alſo from my Wife,
" who viſited her frequently during her Illneſs."

I thought, Sir, that this Account might be agreeable to you, and to the *Royal Society* in general."

In my little Excurſions in Queſt of Foſſils in this County, I found, the 13th Inſtant, what Naturaliſts call *Lac Lunæ*; but think Dr. *Plot* is miſtaken, when he gives it as a Criterion or Sign of good Lime-Stone; for the two Quarries where I found it were building Stone, but will not burn into Lime. This Matter or Earth makes a ſtrong Ebullition with Vinegar and Spirit of Vitriol. Some of it was as ſoft as Cream-Cheeſe, when I took it out of the Fiſſure of the Rock; the other was hard, ſome in thin Cruſts, and ſome in pretty thick Lumps. It never was taken notice of in this Kingdom before. I alſo found, about ſix Weeks ago, white native Vitriol, which I take to be the *Capillaris* Sort; but as we have no Naturaliſt here, nor Collection of Foſſils, or any other natural Curioſities (tho' in great Plenty in this Kingdom), it is hard for me to give Names to ſuch as I have (about 800 Articles) or do diſcover daily.

SIR,

Your moſt humble, and moſt obedient Servant,

James Simon.

Dublin, Sept. 17, 1745.